

Atavism

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Descending and turning
A shadow with soles in his hand
Standing alone by the garden I hear his command
Swaying blindly, under a moribund sun
Strangely the pain has only begun

Painlessly crossing the yard-lines,
the ball in his hand
Piles of bodies dispatched in the grass
and the sand
Helmets crashing, under the weight of the one
Vaguely aware the pain has begun

Out of the window the sirens of slaughter begin
Whistling alone in the silence
I hear them come in
Fading, blinded, foraging under the leaves
Strangely the pain is finally relieved